tonight, we'll pretend we're friends
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tonight, we'll pretend we're friends

by youllneverrecme

Summary

5 times Timmy sees an intimate moment between Austin and Callum that he wasn't meant to see. And one time he sees one specifically meant for him.

I view RPF as: I wrote a script for these actors with some inspiration from their real life dynamics and appearances together. No mentions of real life partners.

Notes

I write for me, I usually post for the one person that may enjoy it. In this case, I posted for me (because I prefer the reading layout of Ao3 over Pages). That being said, if you decide this strikes your fancy, then read away, my friend <3 But negativity will be deleted and the user blocked.

Could in part be read as a follow-up to my Timmy/Jason stuff as far as their relationship in this universe is considered. On their account, it's a hopeful ending. On Callum and Austin, it's a happy ending.

At first, I thought, wouldn't it be fun to write a threesome with these three easy-on-the-eyes people? But that didn't happen. It turned into voyeur Timmy. Maybe a threesome in the future? Who knows, I have a tendency to write more RPF when real life gets fucked up, but I still want to escape it without building worlds.

Nathaniel Rattelife's Tonight #2

See the end of the work for more notes

Timothée opens his mouth to call out that someone's in here when the door to the outer room of the dressing area opens. His voice stalls before he can get words past his lips, hearing a muffled laugh and a muttered, "Yeah, we got a minute," in Austin's voice.

The door latches and clothes rustle, Timothée cranes his neck to see who's with him. Silent as he moves, he catches a broad silhouette in his peripheral. Austin's hands on a wide back, slipping up under the guy's shirt, then down towards the waist of his pants. He can hear telltale sounds of kissing, but not just any old kissing, passionate kissing. Like two people starved for one another.

The shirt gets tugged up, over a head of curly brown hair. Revealing a muscled back, lean not bulky, athletic muscles instead of gym muscles. Timmy bites the inside of his cheek, takes a quiet breath and tips his head. He needs to find a way out of here, but he doesn't want to disturb this reunion that's getting more intense by the second. He feels a morbid need to know who the guy is, not that it even matters. Timothée is well aware of Austin's appeal to all genders, having been stuck in his gaze plenty of times now, acquainted with that kind of eye contact that makes it feel like the only thing in existence in the entire universe is the target of Austin Butler's eye contact. So it's not that he wants to know who it is based off of gossip fodder, or from wanting to have some kind of blackmail or something. He simply wants to know who it is that gets to be the true target of the notion behind the feel of Austin's eye contact.

Austin's not a small guy, but the guy he's currently wrapping his leg around makes him look dainty. Large hand sliding the length of Austin's thigh from knee to hip, their pelvises locked together and grinding into one another. A harsh gasp breaks the kissing, the guy's head tucks under Austin's jaw. Austin's eyes are screwed shut, his head tipping back as the guy kisses across his collarbone, one hand anchored in his hair, the other gripping his hip to keep him in tight as he grinds against him.

Timothée is very much aware he needs to get the hell out of here before anything further happens, but he has no desire to be seen by either of them. Not just because it's fucking awkward, but because this is a pretty big secret and he doesn't want either of them to know he knows because he can just pretend he never saw it and it never existed if neither of them see him. He can silently support Austin's happiness, never tell a soul, and still be a friend who never asks questions about anyone's love life.

If they see him though, whether standing here openly watching or attempting to get out without being seen, then it'll be a whole thing. Even if only between the three of them, it makes him a secret holder and it'll most likely make Austin shy away. So far it's been a pure joy to work with him, to do press with him; Timmy doesn't want that to change.

Scanning the space between him and the door to the hallway, he also takes into account the fact that he'd have to open the door, expose them to whoever could be in the hallway, not just himself. *Shit*.

Timothée takes a tiny step back into the inner room, this dressing room is set up kind of like a store's changing room with a bigger area outside and then a stall for actually changing in. This stall is not large, but he needs to figure out a way to get his feet off the floor in case one of them gathers wits enough to look around. When he peeks back through the crack, he realizes neither one of them is going to gather wits any time soon.

Austin's hands gripping against a bare shoulder, the other grasping the guy's ass, pushing him closer and deeper against himself as he grinds. The gasp is quiet, and the guy hums in response, his hand moving from Austin's thigh up his side and wrapping around his ribs. Timmy watches as the big hand pushes against Austin's ribs and Austin tenses up, his breath chokes off and the guy thrusts his hips so hard that the thud against the wall from Austin's head is probably echoing out to the interview room.

Austin's hands slide down the guy's back, his entire body going slack as the guy's head lifts from his neck to look at him. A hand rises to push Austin's hair back, his eyes are vacant and glossy until he blinks a few times and a smile rises.

Timothée is no stranger to being attracted to men, he works with some of the most beautiful people in the world on a regular basis, but something about Austin makes his heart pick up speed any time he looks vulnerable. Vulnerable is exactly how he looks as he gazes at this guy who seems to have appeared out of thin air just to get off with him in a dressing room between interviews. Timmy briefly wonders if that's a position he could apply for, instead of assistant for general movie star things, he can apply to be Austin's assistant in getting off between interviews.

The guy presses into Austin's smile with his lips, lingering there for a long moment, long enough that Timothée wonders if they're going to

go at it again. If they do, then he really needs to find an escape route and get back out for the next interview to run interference for Austin before someone comes barging in looking for either one of them. As his hand rises to consider pushing the door open and sliding out while they're still buried in each other's mouths, a knock echoes on the hallway door, "Two minutes, T."

Shit. Timothée freezes completely, doesn't respond, doesn't breathe, hopes his assistant has moved along and assumed her message was received. Hopes Austin and his guy assume they're in the wrong room but that no one else is in it since no one responded, of course Austin knows who that was, and who they were calling for, he knows now that this is Timmy's assigned dressing room, but with any luck he won't go looking. They'll simply slip out and leave without investigating. And all will be well.

Timothée squeezes his eyes shut, crosses his fingers as he hears movement over the rushing in his ears. No one calls for him again, safe to assume his assistant is gone. He's well aware that Austin and his guy are still out there, if the sounds being made are any indicator, they're adjusting their clothes, maybe wiping some cum off. Whispers are being exchanged, too low to catch any of it, then the sound of a quick kiss and the door opening. The door closes and Timmy takes a deep breath of relief, pushes the stall door open and his eyes land directly on Austin.

Austin who is standing between him and the door. With pink cheeks, hands in his pockets, and a blank expression on his lips.

"I saw nothing," Timmy blurts, putting both his hands up in innocence. "And if I did, I say nothing."

"If you did see something," Austins responds slowly, voice low, "what would it have been?"

"A secret," Timothée shrugs. Austin's not trying to intimidate him, he's pretty sure he's earned enough of his trust that he isn't instantly thinking Timmy is going to the press with this. "A caring moment between two people who didn't realize they had company, and I should have made my presence known but I freaked out and thought I should just try to sneak out without anyone hearing me, and then it was too late to just clear my throat and admit I was in here. So, not a *secret* secret, but a moment that I had no business witnessing and therefor have no business discussing with anyone outside of you. You, only if you feel a need to talk to me about it. Otherwise my lips are

sealed."

The longer Timothée is talking, the more amused Austin seems to be getting, but he doesn't cut in. Allowing the monologue to continue. "Honestly, Austin, we're surrounded by extremely attractive people constantly. I'm pretty sure we're all a little queer, right?"

Austin's amused curl to his lips straightens out, his brows drop and he stares squarely into Timmy's eyes.

"I didn't say that, forget I said that." Timothée tries, thinking he should just shove past him and run out the door. His hands are sweating and he just wants to get going on the afternoon's press, forget this ever happened, forget he ever saw anything. Except that Austin's full lips are still a little darkened, his cheeks still pink, and his shirt is bunched up at his hip. "Jesus, I did say that. And meant it, and honestly, you're one of those gorgeous people that makes me question everything I thought about myself growing up. I was young, like still pretty… young, ya know, when I figured out I'm bi. I guess I just thought, ya know, some of the other people in this career, even the ones that seem… that seem straight, they're not. Not really. A lot of them, I mean. So it's not, in this business, it's really not a surprise you'd be, um, not straight."

The silence that's greeting Timmy is making him dig the hole deeper and deeper and he's just about to tell Austin about his first sexual experience with a man, and maybe his most recent one, and hell, he might even tell Austin that he wants to have one with him if he doesn't get interrupted soon; but luckily he gets interrupted. By a knock on the door. Again. And a warning, again. This time to get the hell out there and get started on interviews.

###

It shakes Timothée that Austin is so utterly unbothered throughout the rest of the afternoon. That there is no acknowledgment, the energy in the room doesn't shift, he doesn't seem the slightest bit affected by having had a witness to him getting off with his partner on lunch. But now that Timmy's seen it, he can't stop seeing it. He can't stop seeing Austin's face when it's pinched with pleasure, when his lips are swollen and dark, when his eyes are lust fogged. He can't stop looking for any flash of that either. It's fucking insane that this is the same guy that is now sitting here doing interviews, the one that just had a quickie with his guy in the dressing room and knows his costar knows. Timmy thought he'd been around good actors before, but this is whole

different level.

It isn't until dinner that he gets officially introduced to the changing room dreamboat. Z is the one that set it all up, wanted everyone to get out at least once during the press tour for something other than business. They never got into partying or anything when they filmed, but the occasional dinner with a family feel to it was important to a handful of them. It's important on every set, to have at least that one person that can feel like family when family is a million miles away. This time it was the four of them that ended up together in the evening from time to time, sharing a meal and swapping a few stories before they'd part ways.

Instead of four tonight though, there's five. Timothée has already been seated with Z and Florence, chatting and waiting for their fourth before they order drinks. Austin's presence is noticeable instantly, Timmy sees it from the corner of his eye on the street when he stops to take a few photos with fans, sign some autographs. Timmy tries to be good to his fans, but Austin takes it to a while different level than anyone Timmy's worked with. He never denies a fan of anything, ending up late to events because he's outside signing autographs, ignoring his publicist when she tries to keep him on schedule.

The guy out there with him is big, probably a bodyguard. But every time Austin looks at him, he smiles something so soft and precious that it makes Timmy wonder if it's the guy from earlier. Too dark to know for certain, but Austin's eyes are always meeting his between fan encounters. It's when one of the fans motions the guy over to get in the photo with Austin, that it hits Timmy. This is someone in the industry.

His chest clenches, ears flooding with a voice he hasn't heard in months. Jason, fucking Jason. The most intense Timothée has ever felt about anyone and the worst break-up he's ever had and it all had to do with the fucking industry. Feelings never changed. They likely never will. The pressure cooker of being in the public eye is what did it.

Timmy must be staring at the way the guy's big hand fits nestled into Austin's waist for too long, eyes watering as he blinks a few times and meets Z's eye when she kicks him under the table. Florence is leaning over the menu, mentioning that she could probably just order for Austin, she knows his taste in food. It's a Florence thing, to want to feed people, and she's good at it. Remembering the tastes of anyone she cares about, Timmy knows she was the one that kept Austin

grounded on set. She was the one that forced him out of the hotel and out of his head during filming. It's likely they spent plenty of meals together.

"He's outside," Timmy supplies.

Z's looking at him like she knows exactly what he's thinking about, so he shrugs at her. The only person on the planet that knew about him and Jason, she knows not to bring it up, but she knows it's on his mind.

"Of course he is," Florence replies. He hears her menu shut and feels her eyes on him. When he looks over at her, she looks to Z and then back to him. "Something wrong?"

"No," they both answer in unison.

Florence narrows her eyes like she can read whatever is going on between them if she tries a moment.

"No, it's fine," Z tells her. "I bet he's going to be awhile. Might as well order drinks while we wait."

###

"Mind if we take this chair?" it's Austin's voice. Timothée recognizes it instantly and he's not sure when they finally stopped making nice with fans outside, or when they slipped in. Having gotten caught up in conversation with Z and Florence, time seems to have bent and swirled on him. The same way it always does when he's allowing himself to enjoy the moment.

"Hey, sorry I'm late." From the corner of his eye, he sees Austin bend to kiss Florence's cheek, reach out to squeeze Z's hand. From the corner of his eye. Because his main focus is on the guy that came in with Austin. His face is vaguely familiar, like perhaps Timothée has seen him in a modeling campaign or perfume commercial. He can't place a voice, can't come up with a name, but looking at him directly it's clear he's exactly the kind of face that should be on camera. Beautiful bone structure, and those fucking broad shoulders that Austin disappeared behind earlier simply with a shift of this guy's stance.

"Hope it's not a big deal I brought a friend," Austin is saying.

Timmy is staring. And can't seem to stop. The guy is smiling, greeting

the girls as Austin introduces them. That smile. *Wow*. Timothée hasn't been that taken by a smile in a long time, maybe ever. It's all encompassing, it brightens the entire world and when it lands on Timmy, he realizes that Austin's just spoken his name.

"Oh, shit, sorry," Timothée stands, wipes his hand on his pant leg, sweat from the glass he was holding or sweat from the panic he feels beginning to settle in his chest, he's not sure. And it certainly doesn't matter which. He reaches out and takes the guy's hand, attempting to recover by truly shaking it with a firm grip that Jason would be proud of. His entire hand disappears in this guy's grip.

"Callum," the guy says.

"Oh," Timothée responds dumbly, still holding his hand and making this the most awkward encounter that has ever existed. Ever. "Timothée," he says eventually, "Timmy. Whichever," and forces himself to let go of Callum's hand.

He sits back down when Callum does, now with Austin beside him, Callum taking up Austin's other side. He's leaned in to talk to Florence, and all Timmy can absorb is that fact that he's got a British accent. He tells himself for some absurd reason that Callum and Florence probably already know each other then. Like England is some tiny place where everyone knows each other by name.

He can feel Austin's eyes on him and when he looks at him, he's met with an apology in his gaze, and a whispered one too, "Sorry."

Timothée knows he should ask for what, what on earth could there be for Austin to apologize for. Timmy is the one acting like he's in shock. What is so shocking about two people in the same industry getting together? Nothing! Nothing at all. So why is that revelation the one that Timmy can't get over, can't get words to form around, can't stop remembering the way it felt when he and Jason came to the conclusion that it was too much. It was too much to be together publicly and it was too much to hide.

He takes a deep breath, watches Austin's eyes for far too long and wonders if he's had enough alcohol to blame it on that. Maybe this is his forth or fifth. Probably not. It's only their first round and it's not like he was in his suite downing shots before he came here.

Instead, he finally responds, "All good," like some jilted lover who's just walked in on the person who turned him down for prom, only to find him slow dancing with someone else.

Well, he may as well not speak a word for the rest of the night. If his mind can't be trusted to process a coworker having a *friend* along for dinner on a work night, then his words can't be trusted either. Austin looks away, his expression never faltering, never giving away a single thing as he easily flows into conversation with Callum and Florence.

A pointed heel juts into his shin again and his eyes dart over to Z. Her expression reads: What the fuck?

It was far too much to hope she didn't notice that. He shrugs, hopes he can somehow convey that he'll tell her later. Her eyes narrow and she watches him a moment longer before she's distracted by something Callum's just said and her attention goes his way. Hell, if England is somewhere that everyone knows everyone, then Tom must know Callum already too and by proxy Z also. Who wouldn't know Callum? Really. He's kind of hard to miss.

Timmy takes a deep breath again, tells himself to stop being so fucking bitter. Just because Austin and Callum have a thing going that seems to be going well, doesn't mean he needs to get abrasive about it. Things didn't work between him and Jason. Doesn't mean they won't between Callum and Austin. Doesn't mean they couldn't. Doesn't mean Timmy is jealous.

Or at least he'll keep telling himself that.

So he does. He keeps telling himself that as he engages with the table. As Callum starts wrapping every person at it around his finger, getting laughs and smiles from each. Often. Half the damn restaurant seems to be drawn to him if the glances from other tables are anything to go by. It's not odd to be looked at when out in public places, especially when there's a whole group of starlets at one table. But this is different, this is like a full magnetic force that Callum exudes and no one is safe from it. Even Timmy. Begrudgingly, he's pulled in as well. Stuck staring at the twinkle in Callum's eyes when he talks, the wrinkles around them when he smiles, and he seems to be alway smiling. The way he casually touches Austin, smacking him on the thigh or squeezing his shoulder, gripping his chin to sweep fingers across his cheeks. Austin is completely unbothered by it. Public affection happening, and not a single blush. No attempt to stop it or shrug out of his touch.

Fuck, maybe that's where it all went wrong. Maybe Timothée should have accepted Jason's touches in public. He could have played it off as platonic. Jason was always touchy feely with everyone, his

exuberance for life could never be doused. Yet, Timmy tried again and again to get him to tone it down when there were people around. To avoid touching Timothée, even in friendly ways, in ways he'd do with anyone.

He watches now, the way Callum's hands seem drawn to Austin, and he remembers the way that felt. The way it felt for such a large, warm hand to drop to his shoulder and squeeze. To linger on the small of his back. To cup his cheek. To hold his hip and make the entire world disappear.

Timothée has pasted on a smile, he's barked out a few laughs, he's shared in the conversation when it seems easy enough to do so. But he feels like a fly on the wall, watching his own evening play out in front of him. In his mind, Jason is there with them. He's wedged between Timmy and Z, and he's laughing along with Callum, they're feeding energy off each other and their love of all things *life* fully encompass the entire table. His hand coming down to land on Timmy's thigh instead of his own every time it alights for a moment.

Closing his eyes, taking a deep breath, and pushing out from the table to excuse himself to the restroom. He splashes water on his face at the sink, forcing images of Callum's hands all over Austin to recede in his mind. Forcing images of Jason's smile and the sound of his laugh to fade. He rubs into his eyes until images melt, until they are all a pile of mismatched silhouettes fading in a desert sunset. And then he blinks them away, walks back out to the table and takes his seat.

He manages the rest of the evening to keep himself present. To squash the images of Callum and Austin together earlier, every time they rise. To bury the idea of Jason before it can take root again. It's only when they're leaving, when he's watching Callum reach out to rest his hand in the small of Austin's back as they walk out the door that his stomach twists again and his chest constricts.

Back in his suite, his finger lingers over Jason's name on his phone screen. Last phone call was six months ago. Last text was four. If nothing else, he thought Jason would reach out when Part II hit the rounds. Fuck, he should have invited him to a premiere.

Too late now, Timmy tosses his phone aside and refuses to look at it until morning.

###

An interviewer says something about making mom proud and

Timothée doesn't see it right away or doesn't put two and two together soon enough, but Austin is turning away from the camera, tears in his eyes, trying to hide, gathering himself. And Timmy isn't quick enough, doesn't reach out, doesn't touch him, doesn't run interference enough to be certain no one notices. He doesn't protect him.

Austin puts himself together. On his own. And he finishes the day without any issue, and he's fine, but Timmy can feel a distance, an atmosphere, like a failing. He failed his friend.

Before he can reach out, before he can apologize, or say anything at all, Austin is smiling and leaving the room, saying goodnight to everyone in it. He's being kind, polite, everything he always is, but he's in a hurry. Timmy excuses himself and takes off after Austin.

Rushing down the hall, thinking he's gotta make this right somehow, he at least has to acknowledge that he didn't realize, that he'll be quicker on the pick-up next time, that he'll keep a safe space in their interview rooms, he'll distract and change the subject and do whatever it is he can to make any uncomfortable moment comfortable again.

He's stopped in his tracks when he rounds a corner and once again is stuck in the middle of something intimate that he shouldn't be witnessing. It's not sex this time. It's an embrace.

Callum's arms are wrapped so tightly around Austin that he's basically disappeared. Unmistakable mess of blonde hair the only thing truly visible, tucked under Callum's chin. Callum tips his head, rubs his cheek along Austin's temple, turns to kiss him, leaving his lips there as he mutters something that Timmy can't hear, and it's not for his ears anyhow.

As Timothée sidesteps to make his way back around the bend, maybe guard the hall so no one else comes by, Callum's eyes slide over to meet his. The breath exits Timmy in one small gust and he freezes. Callum doesn't look like he's trying to chase him off, or scare him away with a glare. He's simply looking at him, trying to read the situation.

Timothée tips his chin, hoping to convey something, and he's not even sure. Maybe tell Callum without words that he gets it, he's going to help protect their secret, and he's sorry he failed back in the interview room. Callum blinks at him, and he feels as though they've come to an

understanding. His face turns, buries in Austin's hair and Timothée steps away.

He waits a few paces down the hall, keeping an eye out while scrolling through his phone casually. It's between him and his phone if he stops on Jason's last text and reads it over and over again, until he hears Austin's laugh and Callum's responding chuckle, the low rumble of his voice half-muffled like it's being spoken directly into Austin's throat.

###

"Has anyone seen Austin?"

Timothée lifts his head from his phone to look around, noting the others there that are meant to be there. And the absence of Austin. Instead of allowing someone's assistant to go look for him, Timothée calls out, "I'll grab him," like he knows where he is.

It's a lie, he has no idea where he is. Hasn't seen him yet since they got back from England. But he heads back to the rooms like he knows where he's going. Because he's pretty certain there's going to be a big, broad, British guy with Austin and if it's any indicator what Timmy's already seen that he wasn't meant to see, well he may as well be the one to bite the bullet this time too. The less people that know about their romance, the better. Timmy's seen nearly everything by now. Sex, hands resting in places where friends don't rest hands, embraces that are more than simply friendly, and smiles that aren't handed out to just anyone. What's truly left?

He follows the sound of Austin's deep voice, whistling as he goes in order to make his own presence known. Just as Timothée is about to knock on the dressing room door, it opens. Revealing Austin on his way out. He pauses when he sees Timmy standing there, a smile rising in greeting but Timmy cuts him off, "Waiting on you, man, I figured I'd…"

"Oh, shoot," Austin replies, "Didn't realize the time," he lifts his wrist to look at his watch, "or missed the call," he shrugs, his smile not fading as he starts to walk out. Pulling the door shut behind him. Before they start back down the hall, Austin grabs Timmy and pulls him in for a quick, friendly hug. It's gladly reciprocated, the amount of time they've spent together the last weeks, it has seemed odd to have a day without him.

Timothée opens his mouth to ask how Austin's travels were but

instead, as his eyes gloss over him while the embrace releases, he finds himself pointing out, “You have a hickey.”

Austin’s brows dip, his lips purse and he huffs out a heavy sigh. “Damn it, I…”

“It’s fine, I’ll cover for you. I’ll just say you got caught up signing autographs,” Timmy decides. Which is a good lie, because he probably did get caught up signing autographs at some point today.

“Thanks, I owe you,” Austin reaches out to squeeze Timmy’s shoulder as he’s backing towards the room again.

“All good,” Timothée responds. And it is, truly.

When the door opens at Austin’s hand, Timmy catches sight of Callum sitting inside the room. Legs spread wide open, a relaxed smile on his face as he looks up at Austin.

“You dick,” Austin accuses, pointing to his throat. To which Callum’s grin only widens and his laugh echos out into the hall.

Timothée can’t help but smile to himself as he makes his way back out to the stage for the group interview.

###

He has no idea *why* it comes out of his mouth when it does. It isn't something he actually thought through, even if once it’s said he realizes it is something he *has* been thinking about ever since the very first time he witnessed Austin and Callum getting intimate. He wants to see *more*.

When it comes out of his mouth though, it’s without preamble, he just blurts, “Could I watch sometime? You and Callum.”

Austin’s eyes get wide, his lips press together and he seems to stifle his initial reaction to instead wonder, “Me and Cal do, um, what?”

“Forget it, that was stupid, totally uncalled for and extremely inappropriate,” Timmy tries backpedaling even as his mind is supplying images from the other day, but this time fully nude. Not just over the clothes groping and thrusting, but instead naked thighs wrapped around hips, hands pinning wrists to the wall, full body flush of exertion and a sheen of sweat on solid lanky muscles.

“Not really,” Austin cuts in. “No more inappropriate than what you’ve already witnessed.”

“I… but it’s…”

“That was my fault, by the way, I didn’t read the name tag on the door. I… did I apologize about that yet?”

Timothée sputters, thinks back on it and truly can’t remember but thinks it’s moot at this point. They’re on the same page about what Timmy knows and that he’s going to keep it to himself regardless of anything that happens in the future involving the three of them, or any combination of the two of them, or future projects. “You can say no, and I don’t mean, like, I don’t mean to assume that you’re even into… or you’re having sex, or…”

“You saw us having sex,” Austin reminds him.

“I know, I… yeah, I…” Timothée reaches up to run a hand through his hair. He shifts his weight on his feet and can’t figure out why Austin is still exuding *cool* when the subject matter is anything but. “I more heard than watched,” he amends Austin’s statement. “Or at least tried not to watch but jesus, you’re both so fucking attractive it’s hard to look away.”

Austin finally blushes and breaks the intense eye contact. The small laugh he emits makes Timmy feel slightly less awkward, but the edge of excitement hasn’t stopped running through him. Austin hasn’t said no. Not yet, and even if the question came out of his mouth before he really thought it through, he does mean it. He would love the opportunity to watch them get intimate. It doesn’t even have to be penetrative sex, it can be the groping and grinding like the other day, but with permission to openly stare. It doesn’t have to be anything at all, obviously, he can say no and feel no pressure to make a counter offer.

“Okay, so I asked that before I really thought about it,” Timothée admits. “It’s wildly inappropriate but I want you to know that if you say no, nothing will change between us. I’m not going to take your secret to the press, I’m not going to out the two of you, I’m not…”

“I know,” Austin cuts him off. “I know you’re not that kind of person. You didn’t ask with blackmail in mind.”

Timothée breathes a sigh of relief, watches Austin’s eyes while he studies Timmy’s. Like he’s reading his soul. So Timmy shuts his

mouth, decides to let Austin find whatever it is he's looking for in his gaze instead, and waits. Fucking intense, the most naked Timothée has ever felt but also fucking turned on. Austin looks at people like he's seeing the most attractive thing he's ever seen, like he's reading their soul and finding every beautiful quality they possess and putting it in the forefront. Timothée briefly, madly, wonders if Austin's stare can change a person. If he only sees the good in them, that they'll somehow see it themselves and only act on kindness and love from that moment on.

"You came to find me this afternoon instead of letting someone else do it, because you knew there was a good chance Cal was with me. Thank you," Austin finally speaks. He pauses a moment to give Timmy a soft smile, and he thinks that Austin is truly and wholeheartedly in love with Callum. If simply speaking his name makes Austin look like a lovesick puppy, then he's in it for the long haul. With that in mind, Timmy opens his mouth to retract his question, but Austin holds up a finger and tells him, "I'm good with it, just let me talk to Cal and we'll have to lay down some ground rules first if he agrees to it."

"Of course, yeah, that's…" Timmy finds himself reaching up to tug a hand through his hair again, "Of course. Makes sense. Just, uh, text me."

"Yeah, Cal's got a flight out tomorrow so it'll have to be tonight."

"Sure, and if you change your mind, it's cool," Timothée assures.

As Austin walks away, Timmy can't help but allow the butterflies in his belly to spread to his chest. Sometimes saying the random thing that comes to mind, might just pay off.

###

The text is just an address and a time. Smart not to do the negotiations via text. For all Timothée knows, they might just hang out, so he tries not to get his hopes up. But just in case, he showers, picks out a nice outfit without being pretentious or presumptive. Something he'd wear if he were going on a sit-in date with someone to watch movies on their couch and possibly go to second base.

As he's getting ready, he can't help but let his mind wander. Conjuring images of Callum's big hands on Austin's tiny waist, sliding up his ribs and resting in the nape of his neck. The other sliding down, cupping his round asscheek. Timmy shivers under the warm spray of the water, decides it wouldn't be a bad idea to jerk off ahead of time. It

won't affect his ability to get hard again later if that option is on the table. But it will affect his ability to focus and be present if the night just ends up being food and conversation.

Grasping his cock in his hand, using the water from the shower to slick up his grip, he closes his eyes. Allows his mind to wander through any scenarios he might want to see. He's pretty sure he doesn't want to participate, or maybe if he does, it's simply that he doesn't expect that to be the offer. So he keeps his imagination on simply observing the two of them sharing passionate kisses as they undulate together. In his mind, he has a hard time getting super graphic. Maybe because up until now, Austin has simply been another attractive coworker on a long list of attractive coworkers that Timmy tries not to fantasize about.

Callum, on the other hand, he's never worked with. It feels natural to allow himself to imagine what he'd look like naked, fully nude with a hard cock in his hand. His head tipped back, lip pinched between his teeth as he slowly strokes his hand from base to tip and back, squeezing tighter when his fingers move upwards. Sprawled with his legs wide open, thick thighs spread as he works his fist. His chest flushes, the muscles in his arms catch the glow of light while he works, highlighting long, deeply etched lines in his forearm.

As Timothée strokes himself in the shower, he watches in his lids the same scene, but this time with Austin entering it. As he nears the couch, Callum tips his head to watch his approach. A cocky, sly smile on his lips as he beckons Austin near. Reaching for his wrist to pull him in. Austin moves gracefully, pulling his shirt up over his head as he walks, dropping his pants before he places a knee of either side of Callum's thighs.

Timothée groans into his clenched fist, leaning his head against the shower wall, water sluicing down his back. Cock throbbing in his hand as he jerks.
Austin sinks down on Callum's lap, Callum releasing his hold on his own cock in order to grasp Austin's waist. His fingers meet at Austin's spine, pressing tips into his skin, as Austin leans forward into his mouth, taking deep, passionate kisses.

Callum's hands slip further down, grasping Austin's asscheeks, pulling them open as he sinks down. In the fantasy, perhaps Austin was already preparing himself, opening himself up prior to coming to Callum. Callum's thick cock sliding easily into Austin's hole, they both moan. It's more relief than pleasure as Austin stays still a moment,

getting used to the breach.

Timmy shudders, his own mind supplying that feel. The zap of pleasure up his spine, the tug and burn of his rim and the heavy weight of a fat cock in his channel. Hands grasping his asscheeks to keep him open as he begins to move. Rocking at first, little bit by little bit.

Austin begins to move up and down on Callum's cock in Timmy's mind. Fingers turning white where they're gripping his ass, Callum groans, digs his toes into the floor and keeps himself from thrusting up just yet. Allowing Austin to get used to him as they explore each other's mouths.

Austin's hands are on Callum's shoulders, occasionally moving up to stroke his jaw, or down to feel his chest, brush over a nipple, toy with the light hair on his belly. Callum breaks the kisses by throwing his head back, revealing the column of his throat for Austin's lips.

The girth of Callum's cock testing the limits of Austin's rim, stretching it wide with every rock and roll of Austin's hips. Callum's hands move, one up to the back of Austin's head, keeping his face buried in his throat as the other spans wide over the small of his back. Middle finger dipping into the crevice of his ass, feeling the rubber band of his rim as Callum thrusts up.

Austin's moan is punched out of him and Callum thrusts again. His feet planted firmly on the floor, muscles taut as he finds the purchase to go deep. The slap of skin on skin echoes in Timmy's ears over the sound of the shower. And as both Austin and Callum are tensing up with waves of pleasure, Timmy's cock pulses in his hand, splattering the shower wall with cum.

Toes tingling, belly numb, he watches his imagination play the aftershock between Callum and Austin. The way they sink into each other, fall back into kisses and affectionate strokes of hands through hair, over sweat filmed skin, across muscle lines long memorized by endless touch.

Well, Timothée thinks, apparently he doesn't have a problem objectifying his male costars. He laughs to himself as he finishes cleaning up, preparing himself for any possibility this evening.

###

He shows up at the address at the agreed upon time, with a bottle of

wine in hand. It felt weird to come empty handed but wasn't sure what was appropriate. Deciding that a mid range bottle of red is never exactly inappropriate.

The place is small, a corner apartment downtown, top floor. When the door swings open, it's Austin's smile that greets him. He's dressed down to a baggy white T and pair of sweatpants. His hair ruffled less artfully than earlier, but he'd still more than pass if he were to go out in public.

"Hey," Austin reaches out for a quick hug, taking the offered bottle of wine in the process, then stepping aside to let Timmy through the door.

Taking in the view from the long narrow windows, nothing but city lights below them. Moving cars and moving people in a tide rippling into the evening. Timothée takes a deep breath, decides to start with some small talk. "This your place?"

"Nah," Austin responds, "friend of mine rents it out short term. Sometimes hotel rooms get old, ya know? I like making my own meals, drinking coffee on a comfy couch that I don't have to think too hard on what might be lingering under the cushions."

"I hear ya," Timmy replies with a smile. Productions big enough now that the rooms they spring for are top notch, but still hotels, still used and abused by former tenants. Short term rental, is still a rental with a lot of different passerby's, but somehow more inviting, cozier, feel like home even if not *home*.

Attention drawn to the hallway when a door opens, Callum exits what must be the bathroom. Wet hair he's rubbing with a towel, he doesn't see that they have company just yet, wondering, "Hey Babe, you seen my undershirt?" As his eyes scan across the place, they land on Timothée and he grins, "Sorry, didn't realize you were here already."

"No worries," Timmy tucks his hands in his pockets, rocks on his heels and decides to admit, "Just got here anyway."

Callum nods, walks the paces across the floor, reaching out to shake his hand. He's bare chested, water still clinging to the dip between his pecs. Timmy can't help but look, even as he reaches out to take his hand. His grip is warm, strong and makes Timmy's heart thud in his ears. Remembering the imagined image of those hands on Austin's bare back, his mouth waters and he blinks, forces his eyes upward to meet Callum's.

“You have dinner yet?” Austin wonders, motioning Timothée inside as he steps away from the door, towards Callum to pat his chest and tug the shirt up over his head. “This one, you mean?”

It lands on Callum’s shoulder as Austin gives it a toss, making his way towards the bedroom for presumably a shirt that belongs to him. Callum is grinning, shaking his head and agreeing, “That’s the one.” He looks to Timothée as he whispers, “Looks better on him. I shoulda kept my mouth shut, huh?”

Timmy is pretty sure he’s not supposed to answer that one, judging by Callum’s playful smile as he ushers Timmy into the room, motioning towards the couch. “Should I pour a glass?”

“Sure,” Timothée toes off his shoes, moves towards the area he’s been directed and takes a deep breath. So they won’t be jumping right into it, that’s fine. He’s taken the edge off, he can act like an adult about all this. He can sit and enjoy the company and if it takes a glass or two of wine, some dinner, and some time to loosen everyone up and get the conversation flowing about the possibility of having an audience for tonight’s intimacy, then so be it. If the conversation never arises, then nothing was wasted. He really had no business sitting alone all night, drinking the bottle on his own and most likely torturing himself over calling or texting Jason.

Timothée decides the chair is the best place for him, leaving the couch for the two of them. He makes himself comfortable, picks up a magazine from the coffee table as he keeps an eye on Callum pouring glasses in the kitchen. Open concept, small place, it’s nice. Cozy and Timmy can see why Austin would prefer this to a hotel room.

When Callum enters the living space, he hands over a glass of wine, then takes a seat on one end of the couch. Legs spread wide, completely relaxed immediately. Timothée barely knows him, but he somehow feels like an old friend, the kind that’ll be comfortable in silence but it rarely occurs because he’s a motor mouth.

Callum tells him, “Austin’s cooking, so if you haven’t eaten yet, there’s plenty.”

“And if you have eaten already, then you’ll just eat again,” Austin decides as he moves into the kitchen. “Nothing exciting though, unfortunately.”

“Trimming down or bulking up?” Timmy wonders, hoping the answer is not trimming down. Austin’s thin naturally, but if he slims down

he'll be a toothpick. Kind of like Timothée.

"Bulk," Austin answers, sounding exhausted at the prospect. Timmy hasn't had to put on muscle for any roles, he's not even sure he could on his frame, but he's heard the stories. From afar, it seems like a dream to be able to put on bulk with the guidance of professionals. But up close, it's a commitment. Work outs that rival professional athletes, diets that require more care than trimming down diets. Sure, Timothée has had to get into decent shape, look like he can hold his own for Dune, but he's never had to truly put on weight.

"Ouch," Timmy replies.

Austins shrugs, looking over his shoulder to where they're sitting. He smiles when his eyes land on Callum and then flit away again, turning back to the food at hand.

"Wish I could play John Eagan for life," Callum admits with a laugh. "Best diet I've ever had. Whisky, cigs, and burgers."

"What was that role?" Timothée wonders. He'd looked Callum up after they met the other night, but hadn't seen any of his work. Pulled up a few clips from The Capture and decided that was probably the best place to start.

"Masters of the Air," Callum answers. "Where I met this guy."

When Austin turns to look at him again, it's paired with a wink this time.

"Aah, the WWII series?" Timmy wonders.

"Yep," Callum supplies. "Our characters were great friends, beautiful really. So we threw ourselves into that relationship. Thought it'd ring more true if we were good friends in real life too. Wasn't hard to do," Callum grins, "he's easy to fall in love with."

Austin snorts from the kitchen and Timothée has to agree anyhow, "Even through the make-up for Feyd, it was easy to see the kindness in him and feel safe immediately with him as a scene partner."

Austin clears his throat and decides to change the subject, but Callum talks over him, "Take the compliments, Love, it's gonna be a long night of 'em."

There's no verbal response, just a glare thrown over his shoulder. Even

the glare is sexy. Callum only laughs in response and raises his glass to him. Austin rolls his eyes and turns away, the tips of his ears turning red.

“Have you been together since filming?” Timmy asks, and then wonders if it’s any of his business. “If that’s alright to ask.”

“‘Course it is,” Callum responds easily. “We sort of…” he shrugs, watches Austin move around the kitchen for a long moment before he decides the answer, “I don’t know that we really got *together* until after filming wrapped. We spent a lot of time, though. On set, it was during covid so we had all the protocols and that, it felt natural to spend time off set together too. He’d walk my dog with me, ride his bike over to mine some nights, we’d play card games and have Sunday dinners. But I think it took the idea of losing him for me to step up to the plate.”

Callum full out grins at the memory, his eyes crinkling in the corners as they land on Austin and stay there. “I told him to cancel his car, I’d drive him to the airport, but I didn’t go to the airport.”

Austin’s cheeks are turning pink, he’s stopped messing with the food and is simply watching Callum now. Waiting to see how he spins this tale, it’s likely the first time they’ve had a chance to tell it to anyone. There’s a softness in his gaze, lips pursed gently, he looks like he should be propping his chin on his fist and daydreaming while he stares out the window. Timmy can’t help but smile as he watches. Listening to Callum explain, “I took him to London Eye instead. Knowing he grew up right outside of Disney, Knotts Berry, it felt right to take him to a massive Ferris Wheel. He didn’t stop me, looked at me a little side-eyed, but didn’t argue. I don’t think he wanted to get on that flight anyhow.”

Austin is smiling now, he shakes his head and adds, “I didn’t. But I still thought you were crazy.”

“I know,” Callum laughs. “The look he gave me, coulda killed a lesser man.” They share a moment of direct eye contact, both of their expressions twinkling with glee before Callum shares, “Each pod holds up to twenty-five people, but I bribed the attendant to let us have a moment alone in there.”

“I don’t think the people behind us in line were very impressed,” Austin adds.

“No, no they were not at all,” Callum agrees, “but you were.”

“Very,” Austin replies dryly, which only makes Callum grin wider. “So we’re on this massive ferris wheel, all by ourselves in a glass pod looking out over London and Cal says nothing while we’re sitting there. Takes us three-quarters of the way around it before…”

“He says, ‘What are we doin’ here, Cal?’, and I got nothin’,” Callum cuts in with a laugh. “I had no explanation. None. I wasn’t even sure if I was supposed to answer: what we were doing in the pod, on the wheel, avoiding the plane, or just in general. And he wasn’t givin’ me nothing in his face. Just staring at me. Blank as blank could be. Which,” now Callum’s glance turns towards Timmy, “you’ve been victim to his eye contact I bet, it’s not an easy thing to think, or even remember that you’ve got a brain at all when he’s lookin’ at you.”

Timothée can’t help but nod along, and he can’t help but smile as he listens. The animation in Callum’s voice, the way his eyes light up when he talks about Austin. They’re so in love, Timmy can *feel* it in the air.

Callum continues, “So I forgot I even spoke English, forgot I knew how to use words in any language at all. And I just, I kissed him and then I practically ducked thinking he might throw a punch.”

Austin chuckles, watching Callum as he tells the story, wistfulness in his eyes.

“Austin looked at me like I was insane, but he didn’t throw a punch. He didn’t even ask me what the hell I was thinking. He kept staring at me, and all I could think was he’s about to get off this ride and I’ll never see him again. We’ll have to act like we don’t know each other when the press tour comes up and I've just fucked up a great friendship. Then he finally tipped his head a bit to the side, opened his mouth to tell me to bugger off, or do it again, I’m still not sure, and then the pod stops and the door opens and neither of us move! We just sit there staring at each other as the attendant tries to usher us out and we don’t move! Not even a millimeter. So the attendant decides, whatever, just let the pod fill up with new riders and these two buffoons can go ‘round again. As it starts fillin’ up, Austin ends up getting pinched in between some strangers, and I end up crammed in a corner, and I keep thinking we must be done speaking forever because he still hasn't said a word, and now he’s barely looking my way.

We get up to the top, the very top, overlooking London where I grew up and I can see my neighborhood in the distance. I stop looking at

Austin, because I don't want to see it when he fully decides he's never going to speak to me again. So I don't realize that he's gotten up and moved next to me, until he's right there pressed against my side. And I feel a hand sliding into mine, his voice right against my ear and he says: Take me back to your flat, I'm not getting on that plane today or tomorrow or next week."

Callum throws himself back on the sofa and sighs relief, his hand on his chest, like he's reenacting the way he felt in that moment. Austin snickers and Callum relaxes into the cushions, legs open, he takes up so much space. Timmy can't help but think of Jason again. How even when he was being quiet, he was still so obviously *there*, the mass of him undeniable.

"He stayed in London with me. We spent two weeks just shaggin' and wandering around, nothing to do but be together. Best two weeks of my life just yet," Callum decides.

"Mine too," Austin adds quietly, watching Callum with a soft smile on his face for a long moment before he turns back to the task at hand in the kitchen.
It feels like Timothée has stepped in on a very private moment in time, but that's really the whole point of this evening, isn't it? So he's not afraid to wonder, "You've been together for a year then?"

"Nah, more like two," Callum answers immediately, looking back over to Timmy to be clear he's open to more conversation. "We wrapped on Masters of the Air two years or so ago. Sometimes I consider it more like three years we've been together though, since it all started with a friendship, and naturally evolved."

Timmy nods, asking, "You've managed to keep it secret that long?"

"Yep," Callum responds. "Mostly. A very select group of trusted people know."

"And me, since I kind of insinuated myself into it."

"No, that was my fault," Callum insists. "Didn't look at the name on the door, just pushed through it and got down to business." He's still smiling and Timmy is starting to wonder if he ever stops, maybe it's simply an Austin thing. Talking about him, being around him makes Callum happy and there's no sense in hiding it when they don't have to.

"Don't think that, like, um, this…" Timothée tries to find the right

words and realizes there really are none. The situation in general is nothing he's ever encountered and he doubts either of them have as well. There is no script, he has no experience. So he just goes with his gut. "I don't want you to think my request has anything to do with having seen you two together, I'm not asking for bribing purposes or blackmail or whatever it would be. There's no circumstance that I'd out you two, no matter what."

"We know," Austin announces from the kitchen.

"Yeah, thing is," Timmy continues, "I have my own past experience with someone else in the industry. We hid and snuck around, and the pressure just got to be too much, or maybe it was the distance, or something, I'm not even sure. So I think the request to watch you two - and you can still tell me to fuck off at any point - is more about seeing… hmm…" Timothée chews at his bottom lip, watching Callum's face the whole time for any type of hint that he might be repulsed by the subject, or the request. That he might feel uncomfortable or want Timmy to just drop it, hang out and forget the reason he's even been invited here tonight. He's already briefly discussed this with Austin, and he's sure Austin went over all of it with Callum as far as what he asked of them. But now that they're here and being vulnerable, Timmy feels a need to explain the real reason, to let himself say it and feel it, without shame and without outing himself to someone who wouldn't understand.

"I mean, I'm not gonna lie, the two of you are insanely attractive, and together it's like…" he motions like a bomb has gone off in his palm and makes the noise with his mouth. "So it's not really a surprise, right? I mean, searching for porn I actually like is a work out. It's either guys I find attractive, but don't kink the same kink, or it gets violent or rough or you can tell they don't really have an emotional connection. Or it's guys that have the connection and the intimacy, but I don't truly find them physically attractive. Maybe I'm too picky. But anyway," he waves his hand to shrug that part of it off, "I saw living porn the other day and neither of you were even naked, so yeah, my head went there.

It's more than that though, there's also a layer of you two having the thing that I had and let get away. And since I saw you kissing, I can't stop thinking about it, and wondering if I should have done things differently. Or had the nerve to just come out and make it known. I think I… and not saying you two should do that, it's not my decision to make or my advice to give. The situation just has my head spinning.

But intimacy, I guess is the key. I saw the way you were holding onto each other, and I've witnessed such softness and caring," he stops himself short of saying love because he has no idea if they've professed that particular word to each other yet. "I haven't felt that in awhile. I guess witnessing it, it would make it feel more achievable. Or something, does that make any sense whatsoever? Or should I just leave?"

"No," they both say at the same time. Austin clearing his throat and saying, "No, you shouldn't leave. We can talk, and keep talking. We're here, all three of us. If Cal and I didn't want to entertain the idea, we'd not have invited you up. Knowing we can change our minds at any time."

"Group therapy," Callum adds with a smirk, "that may or may not end in sex."

Austin balls up a cloth napkin and throws it at him, he laughs as he ducks from it, not even trying to catch it. It hits the couch and falls on his thigh, he smooths his hand over it and looks over at Timmy. Head leaned back against the couch, he's the picture of relaxed. None of this is stressing him out in the least. Maybe because he knows what he's got with Austin, and he's not surprised someone else would want to feel that too, if only for one night.

###

"Alright Baby Doll, you good?" Callum wonders where he's leaning over Austin. His hand isn't visible between Austin's thighs, but it's not hard to guess what he's doing with it.

Austin nods, his fingers rolling up one of Callum's curls that's fallen across his forehead. If it feels weird that they have an audience, they aren't really letting on. Sure, it seems like they're trying to avoid any chance of glancing over this way and seeing someone staring at them, but they aren't stiff with their motions, they aren't trying to hide their nudity or their hard-ons. It doesn't feel like two actors on set either.

There's an edge of uncertainty, maybe more of an awareness, but when Callum leans down and their lips lock, their noses nudge, their foreheads lean together; they seem to forget that Timothée is in the room.

He watches the muscles in Callum's forearm flexing as his fingers move, the way Austin's back arches with the stimulation, color rising up his chest. One leg hooked over Callum's shoulder, the other lying

nearly flat on the bed, Timmy can see his hard cock lying on his belly, twitching every so often. Austin's hand has moved from Callum's hair, sliding across his shoulder and tracing the shell of his ear. His eyes flickering open and then closed again, like he's being certain of who is looming over him, making him feel good. Or they're communicating silently, watching each other for any kind of tell they've gotten uncomfortable.

Callum's lips track down the curve of Austin's chin, into the dip of his collarbones, over his chest and down the center of his belly. He sticks his tongue out, licks the length of Austin's cock and then goes lower. Pushing at Austin's other leg to get him to lift it towards his chest, giving him the room to work.

Austin's eyes are closed, one arm laying across his abdomen with a hand in Callum's hair again. The other outstretched to the side, fingers curled around the edge of the mattress. He bites at his lip, huffs out a breath and then sighs, allows his mouth to fall open and soft moans to escape as the sound of Callum's mouth and tongue echo around the room.

With two fingers buried in Austin's ass, Callum's working around them, taking the time to lick and suck at everything he can access. It makes Austin undulate, his fingers turn white in turn, and the soft moans come out breathier and breathier the longer he's at it.

Callum's free hand slides up Austin's thigh, flattens out over his lower belly and lingers there. When Austin's grip releases Callum's hair, his hand slides upward and rests overtop of Callum's.

Timothée used to love holding Jason's hand on his abdomen when he was inside him, feeling his cock moving behind his abdominal wall. He wonders if Austin has too much muscle tissue on him now to feel it fully when Callum is buried deep inside.

He shivers and has to close his eyes a moment. He told them earlier that he wasn't going to sit here and touch himself, that made it feel creepy. Timothée will keep that promise, but that doesn't mean his cock has gotten that memo just yet. Even with the earlier jerking off session, he's so hard already it hurts. The zipper of his pants feels like it's flaying the skin off his shaft. He pushes at his hard-on, trying to get it over to one side at least, away from the metal and back behind the barn door of his boxers. At the stimulation, it kicks and drools and he's pretty sure he's fucked. He's going to cum in his pants at some point. Just hopefully not until after the two of them have gotten off.

When Timmy opens his eyes and blinks the spots away, he sees Austin tip his head up, looking down at Callum as he makes his way back up the center of his body. Licking his cock once more, just a tease, and Timmy's mouth waters.

As he settles overtop of Austin, he reaches for the lube, and kisses all over Austin's face. Wondering gently, "You ready?"

Austin hums, his voice deep and resounding even so. His eyes staying on Callum's as he situates himself. Timothée watches their faces, as they both take a deep inhale and hold it while Callum pushes forward. Callum is staring directly into Austin's face, nodding as his eyes widen and Austin's close. He doesn't exhale until Austin does.

Taking in the length of their bodies locked together, it's safe to assume that Callum is fully seated. Neither of them moving just yet, Austin's thighs clenched around Callum's hips, ankles hooked at his ass. His arms wrapped around Callum's shoulders, fingers spread wide and resting on his wings.

As they both exhale slowly, Callum pulls back ever so slightly and pushes back in. Gentle strokes that allow Austin to get used to the weight of him, the stretch that burns. That's one of the things Timothée loves the most, the initial pain as it melts into pleasure, as that line is blurred and it's hard to tell where his body ends and his partner's begins.

Callum curls his knees up under Austin's rear, putting more of his weight on his arms that are planted beside Austin's head. Gaining an angle that makes Austin's head tilt back, his back arch and his mouth fall open when Callum thrusts. It's not a hard stroke, but it's deep. He swivels his hips from side to side while he's buried.

Timmy's cock is drooling now, throbbing with want as he watches their bodies move together. Every muscle flex caught in the glow of the bedroom light. They are moving art and Timmy thinks he's never seen anything so beautiful. The way they read each other's next move before it happens, legs clamping tighter, hands flexing against flesh gleaming with sweat. The gasps are coming quicker now, the thrusting still soft and deep.

Callum is leaning over Austin, his face brushing against Austin's every time he thrusts. But he's keeping his eyes open, watching the reactions play out in Austin's micro-expressions. Knowing he's doing the right things in the moments of silence.

The intensity with which they look at each other, how every touch is meant to convey something. It's when Austin's hands start moving desperately, not able to alight anywhere for long, occasionally smacking against Callum's flesh when they land, that Callum starts smiling. Knowing he's got Austin close to release, but he's going to toy a bit longer.

Resting most of his weight on one arm, he takes Austin's thigh with the other, pushes it towards his chest and leans back to plant his foot beside Austin's hip. Austin has become pliant, doing whatever Callum guides him to do. When he takes his other leg up and hooks it over his shoulder, Austin reaches like he's going to grasp his cock, but Callum grabs for his hand. Lacing their fingers together, bringing it to his lips as he thrusts.

"Gonna be like that, huh?" Austin wonders, tipping his chin down to look at Callum. Blinking a few times to get him into focus. His voice rough and deep.
"Uh huh," Callum responds with a grin.

Austin shakes his head in amusement, leans back again and lets Callum do the work. Kissing Austin's knee as he moves, in and out, circling his pelvis from time to time, lighting up all the internal walls of Austin's channel. It shows in the way Austin's body twists into the sensations, arches and rolls. His gasps coming out harsher with every thrust.

Timothée's cock is so hard its throbbing, making wet spots in his underwear. He presses his hand down over it, heels at it and wonders if he should just leave now and take himself off in the bathroom. But leaving before the show is over is just rude, even if he didn't think it over yet, didn't think about how awkward it could be when they're done and he's still sitting here. If he leaves, it'll make them think they didn't do what he wanted, or did something wrong maybe. A bad performance can shake even the most seasoned actor. But if doesn't feel like these two are acting at all. In fact, it seems as though he's been long forgotten.

Making a move though, he'd certainly be noticed. Sneaking out in the middle of an act instead of waiting for the curtain to fall. He rubs against his leaking cock, feeling like a teenager again at how eager he is to cum simply from some pressure. He supposes if he walks out of here with a wet spot on his pants, then they'll have proof of a job well done. And he did wear dark pants for that specific reason.

Austin's next moan draws Timmy's full attention back, his mind no longer wandering to how he'll make his exit. Instead he's rapt again, the way Austin's adam's apple moves when he swallows, and the coked off noise he makes when another moan rises on its heels. Callum's free hand is gripping Austin's thigh so tightly that his skin is turning white.

Their hands linked together at Callum's lips seemingly wrestling, like Austin's wants to fly away but never leave. As Callum drives his hips upwards, nailing Austin's prostate again and again, his moans sound more like pained cries, he's right on the edge and then Callum backs off. Slows down, drops his legs and leans over him.

Austin sighs heavily, his ribs expanding as he draws in a deep breath, his eyes flashing open. Callum takes his lips, their tongues dance between their mouths. Now with both hands free, Austin traces over Callum's back. Up and down with the tips of his fingers. His legs open as Callum moves slowly, barely thrusting now, mostly just grinding.

Taking a long moment to kiss, trail hands over flesh, and linger on the cusp of the sensation. When Austin tires of it, he makes a quick move to flip them, wrestling his way out from underneath to end up straddling Callum's hips, a cocky smirk on his face as he guides his cock back into his hole. Planting both hands on Callum's chest as Callum grins up at him, the expression quickly morphs into pure pleasure as Austin starts to move. Rocking his hips back and forth, pulling up and down the length of Callum's cock. His hands rise to grab at Austin's hips, holding tight as his mouth falls open and his eyes screw shut.

Austin's head tips back, face aimed ceiling-ward as he rides Callum. Timmy takes the opportunity to openly gaze at the muscle lines of his body, the tight bunching of his abs as he rolls forward only to stretch as he arches back and his arms flex. He looks golden in the hues of the bedroom light. His lips are pressed firmly together in concentration, eyes closed, cheeks pink, gloss of sweat on his brow.

Timothée shudders, heat pools in his abdomen. Licking his lips as he watches Austin move, as he listens to Callum's grunts and the sound of skin on skin. He presses his hand against his cock through is pants, folds his fingers around it in the most discreet way possible and squeezes. His vision starts getting fuzzy around the edges, but he keeps his eyes open.

Austin arches his back, drives down deep on Callum's cock. Callum

plants his feet and thrusts upward to meet him. He bucks his hips a few times, quick and strong as Austin seizes up above him, his entire body going tense and his mouth falling open with a gasp. Cock spurting cum onto Callum's chest, his hands sliding further up to Callum's shoulders and gripping as Callum thrusts into him to finish himself off.

Fuck, there's no sense in trying to hold back. Timmy squeezes his cock as it pulses in his pants, takes a deep breath and lets go. Just as Austin is slipping down the length of Callum's chest, dropping down on top of him with a content sigh.

Callum's hands move from Austin's hips, sliding up his back, one resting on his head, the other on the small of his back. Keeping him close as he kisses his throat, his shoulder, everything he can reach. He tucks his chin under Austin's shoulder, wraps his fingers around Austin's wrist and brings his hand to his mouth to kiss each finger. Austin sighs again, taking a deep breath and emitting a soft laugh as Callum blows a raspberry into his palm.

Eyes darting over to glance at Timmy, he's left wondering if he should sneak out, but Callum's eye contact holds a moment, throwing a wink at Timothée as he pulls a sheet up over their legs. Certainly he's softening and slipping out of Austin's ass, probably not the sexiest of images, maybe the one thing they don't want an audience for. His big hand spreads out wide over the top of the sheet at Austin's hip. Anchoring it there as he adjusts them underneath, sliding out from beneath Austin, leaving kisses everywhere that comes near his face as they move. Callum slips out the other side of the bed, and Timmy watches his bare ass as he walks, the light clinging to the muscles in his broad back.

When his eyes fall back over to the bed, Austin is lying on his belly, face towards Timmy. The sheet still covering him from the waist down. He's glossed with a delicate sheen of sweat, his eyes are hazy, his lips upturned in contentedness. Timmy finds he can't say anything just yet, it would break the moment. But Austin is quietly studying him, gently prying out the things he's thinking.

The water is running in the bathroom, there's still music on in the other room drifting down the hallway, noise form outside woven into the fabric of sound. Austin's voice is laced with exhaustion, the question sincere. "Do you still love him?"

It feels like a hit to the chest, washing over Timmy in waves of tender

memories. Of moments spread out, twisted into one another, moments like the ones he just witnessed. Not just the sex, but dinners together, evenings in quiet, enjoying each other's company. Knowing they can speak or not speak, and every second spent will still be cherished.

"I do," Timothée admits in a whisper.

Austin's face softens, he doesn't say anything else. He's not waiting for any kind of approval, or praise for his performance. He doesn't need it. Because that was no performance. There was no audience. Not to him.

Timothée watches his lids growing heavy, blinks getting longer. As Callum moves around in the bathroom, then down to the kitchen and back with a glass of water. He kneels on the bed next to Austin, nudges him, but Austin doesn't move. His eyes are closed, completely relaxed into the bedding. Drifting in that space between wake and sleep.

Callum sighs out a laugh, sets the glass on the table and leans down to kiss his head. Timothée knows without a doubt that this is his cue to leave, so he pulls himself quietly to standing. Cum drying in his drawers, this will be a strange ride home.

Callum catches his eye, slides on a pair of sweats and walks out of the bedroom behind him, closing the door silently. "Use the wash closet if you'd like," he offers.

Timmy nods, steps into the bathroom and closes the door behind him. This should feel awkward, but it doesn't. The natural, relaxed aura that Callum and Austin have around each other has embraced Timmy as well and he feels as though this is normal. This is nothing to get weird about. It won't change the way they act around each other. Maybe they'll talk about it in the future. Maybe they won't. But they'll continue to build a friendship, to guard each other's secrets and protect them from the limelight.

He wipes what he can with a washrag, leaves a leak and splashes some water on his face before rejoining Callum in the kitchen. He's cleaning up some of the dinner dishes that were left out, so Timmy steps up beside him and helps.

"You don't have to…"

"I know," Timmy replies. But he does anyway. Staying behind to tidy up the place, making it easier for the two of them when they have to

leave in the morning. They'll have more time to spend with each other this way, not cleaning up the previous night's visit.

They don't really talk, but the silence isn't awkward, it's not pressed or hurried. Callum occasionally humming along to the music. By the time the kitchen and living room are tidied up, it feels as simple as leaving after a night spent watching a game with a buddy. Timothée grasps Callum's hand when he offers it at the door, bringing him into a quick hug. There's nothing spoken as far as any kind of see you soon, or talk to you later, but Timmy gets the feeling that this won't be the last time the three of them spend an evening together.

At the door, Callum slaps Timmy's shoulder and says, "Cheers, mate."

Timothée nods, wonders if he should thank him, but decides it's going to be best to just simply say, "Later," as he steps out. Casual and easy.

###

In the months that follow, they meet up for lunch or dinner, sometimes a drink in a rented apartment when they're all in the same city. Paths crossing on purpose or not, they're constantly in the same orbit and there's no sense in knocking themselves off path. The relationship between Austin and Callum doesn't change, they aren't hiding out of shame, they're protecting their careers and possibly more than that. They make it look so simple when it's nowhere near.

Just when Timmy is starting to think the public will never know, and he's honored to be privy to something so beautiful; awards season rolls around again. It might be bought by the public that they're each other's "platonic dates" for every event in Hollywood, but anyone who sits at a table with them can read right through it. The way they look at each other when they don't know someone is watching, the way they casually bump elbows or play footsie under the table. Timmy nearly feels like a referee sometimes, having to tap one of them to get them to stop touching so often. Throwing things at them when he's not seated close enough to reach out.

When an award is won and gravity pulls them together into a celebratory kiss, well, no one's buying anything anymore. That's not how friends kiss each other. Timothée stands up on his chair, cheers and hoots. He's been their private audience for long enough now, maybe if he's the only thing they hear after that slip-up that'll certainly be posted all over within seconds, it'll stifle the doubt that might rise up. Maybe it does the trick, or maybe neither of them care

to keep secrets anymore. They're both grinning as they get to their feet, leaning in once more to press their smiles together.

Cheeks turning pink as he makes his way to the stage, Austin's eyes meet Timmy's through the crowd. Timothée whistles, pumps his fist in the air and shouts, "Yeah, buddy!"

Austin laughs, shaking his head to himself as he ascends the steps to the stage.

###

Timothée is certain he won't be seeing Austin or Callum at any of the afterparties, so he sends them a quick text of congrats and an offer to grab lunch tomorrow before they all scatter to various projects. As he's pushing send and about to put his phone away for the night, a hand lands on his back. It's big and warm, all encompassing in a way that Timmy hasn't felt for years now. His breath catches, his cheeks heat and his heart thuds so hard it's likely to crack his ribs. He closes his eyes for just a moment, gathering the strength to turn and *act*. Everything is okay, seeing him doesn't throw off his night. Or the next few weeks or months. They've moved on and it's all okay.

But when he turns and he's greeted with Jason's sparkling eyes, his big smile and his warm, "My boy!" he can't help but throw himself into those strong arms and wonder, if only for a moment, that there might still be a chance.

End Notes

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